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BITS OF  
BROKEN  
CHINA



W<sup>M</sup> E. S. FALES

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THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
(CLASS OF 1882)  
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1918



The shabbiest man in Chinatown.

# **BITS OF BROKEN CHINA**

by **Wm.E.S.Fales**



**New York and London  
STREET & SMITH • PUBLISHERS**

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Bits of Broken China

## **Dedication**

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**TO MY FRIENDS OF THE CHINA COAST, WHERE  
I PASSED MANY HAPPY YEARS,  
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY  
INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR**





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## INTRODUCTION

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The stories in this little volume are based upon divers occurrences in the district of New York known as Chinatown, and the characters have been sketched from its citizens.

Though the events chronicled may seem somewhat strange from an Occidental point of view, yet in the actors will be found the same good old human nature that marks all children of civilization.

The grotesque pictures of Western writers which represent the Chinese as monsters of iniquity and marvels of Macchiavellian craft are about as true to fact as the con-

cept of the little Chinese girl in Chao-chao-fu who asked an American consul: "Won't you please spit fire at my naughty cat?"

While Mongolian ideals are different from our own, the differences are in degree and not in kind. They have developed upon much longer lines, and perhaps may represent in a shadowy way the outcome of conditions to which our civilization is moving.

When it comes to the last analysis, the mandarin is indistinguishable from the university man, the Canton merchant from his New York confrère and the good fellow of the Celestial Empire from his colleague of the great republic.

Compensation rules the race. If human life is less sacred to a Chinaman than to an American, spiritual life is more immanent and actual. While he has less love of country

and of liberty, he has a greater love for parents and children and for law and order. If his aims and ambitions are fewer, his enjoyment of what he has is greater. If he does not worry over the welfare of his neighbor, he accords to the latter the royal privilege of doing as he pleases. We may be able to teach him much, but have we nothing to learn?

WILLIAM E. S. FALES.



POOR DOC HIGH





a poipe drame to move into that rotten tiniment."

Subsequent events seemed to justify both opinions. Doc High's scantily-equipped store did so small a business that his neighbors looked forward to his dispossession for non-payment of rent.

The collector told Mrs. Connors that Doc was a "trifle dopy" as well as hard up, and that estimable lady conveyed the news, with ever-increasing exaggeration, to all her acquaintances upon the block. They bore no deep love to the "Chink," but they had an instinctive sympathy for all who suffered from poverty.

Thus it came about that the newcomer was soon known as Poor Doc High, and Poor Doc High he remained until his mysterious departure from New York.

Doc's establishment was certain-

ly far from attractive. The windows were small and old-fashioned, and the panes so dirty and weather-beaten that they looked like ground yellow glass.

The store was crowded with boxes and bales, most of which were so dusty and begrimed as to indicate that they were seldom opened and never cleaned. No sign was needed to proclaim the place a drug store, for the atmosphere fairly reeked with a stench alongside of which the "forty distinct stinks of Cologne" were as the breath of a spring morning.

Slumming parties avoided the house, and even Officer Kehoe gave it a wide berth.

"Oi've had awful sthuff from the dispinsary," said Paddy O'Brien, "but the worst was loike a glass of mixed ale compared with the medicines of Poor Doc High."

Once some Treasury agents who were searching the neighborhood for an illicit cigar factory got upon the roof of No. 13 Doyer street. They stayed there a minute, and then went rapidly downstairs to the street and the nearest barroom to get some brandy. They declared that the roof was a drying yard in which vegetables, animals and roots lay in all stages of decomposition.

When Paddy O'Brien questioned Doc High, that worthy assured him that cats' bones, dogs' bones, rats' bones, all bones, when dried and ground up make "fuss-class, numby-one medicine for Chinamen."

The malodorous enterprise would have made Doc High unpopular, but for his unfailing urbanity and generosity.

"He may be a haythen," said Mrs. O'Brien, "but he's always

good for a pint of mixed, which can't be said for many people Oi know who attind mass regularly."

A thirsty matron in Doyer street discovered that Doc High used gin or some similar distillate in making up his drugs, and induced him to sell her a pint for twenty cents, which was one-half of the saloon rates of the neighborhood.

It was an act of Christian charity, the lady declared, who needed a little gin for her stomach's sake. She obtained a similar charity the next day, and the third, and finally became a daily recipient of alms—or a customer, according to the point of view one may take.

She induced Doc High to extend the same privilege to ten of her bosom friends. In this way the druggist was always sure of a limited amount of trade daily. He

could have increased it indefinitely, but he explained to all applicants that he could not sell liquor at the low rate without losing money.

This may explain why, whenever Doc High walked past, the shabbiest man in Chinatown, Mrs. O'Brien sighed:

"God bless him! The poor man wears those rags because we're drinking up all the profits of his business!"

It was fully three years after the Chinaman had opened his store, that Griffiths noticed that his sales of gin had fallen off to a terrible extent. He called upon Lenehan, another dealer, and, after much preliminary talk and many friendly drinks, broached the subject and learned that the latter had had a similar experience.

When he said he could not un-

derstand it, Lenehan waxed indignant.

"Don't be an ass, Griff! That Russian Sheeny, Katzenbogen, runs a bucket-shop and sells gin for less than what we pay for it wholesale."

The consequence of this conference was that Griffiths and Lenehan called upon the other tavern-keepers of the district, all of whom they found had suffered in the same fashion.

They made a secret alliance against Mr. Katzenbogen, and when that patriot was named for the Assembly in the fall, they threw their influence in favor of Moses Rafsky, a poor Republican tailor, who was elected.

Katzenbogen, smarting from defeat, opened a bucket-shop near Griffiths, where whisky was sold at five cents a glass. This was a mas-

ter stroke. It cost the alliance the 'longshoreman trade, and both Griffiths and Lenehan sold out and vanished from the neighborhood.

Ere long Katzenbogen noticed a decline in his own receipts in all three of his establishments.

He was a shrewder man than Griffiths, and so when he was informed by a friend that he was being undersold by a Galician distiller on East Broadway, he took no notice of the information, but went out upon the street and played detective on his own account.

He ran across many clews and finally found one which seemed promising. It was that several small barrels of liquor had been sold to a low dive near one of his stores by several Chinamen, of whom two lived in Doyer street.

An hour afterward, he had secured new facts. One of his bar-

tenders introduced him to Paddy O'Brien, and the latter, under the persuasive influence of several gratuitous drinks, had gone to Doyer street and returned with Poor Doc High.

They made an odd contrast—the Russian Jew flashily dressed, with a glittering yellow diamond in his shirt bosom, and the Mongolian, shabby and poverty-stricken, but calm and dignified.

"You are a poor man, I am told?" said the former.

"Yes, a little poor. The medicine business is not much good."

"If you'll do some work for me, I'll give you a hundred dollars."

"What is it? If it's good, I'll take it."

"There are some of your people in Doyer street who are selling liquor illegally and hurting my trade. I want to know who they are, and



especially where they get the stuff from. Can you do this?"

"Yes, but what will you do with the Chinamen?"

"Oh, nothing at all. They will be arrested, locked up for a day or two and then discharged. I don't want them. It's the man from whom they are getting the goods I am after. I'll put him in jail for five years, if I can, and have him fined five thousand dollars."

"I understand. It will cost more than a hundred dollars. I will not take it for less than a thousand dollars."

"What do you take me for—a Vanderbilt? I'll give you two hundred."

"It's one thousand or nothing. When the Chinamen we arrest find out I am in it with you they will kill me, and perhaps you. You've heard of highbinders?"

The Russian nodded and looked perturbed. There was silence a moment, and Doc High rose to depart.

"Stay," said Katzenbogen, "I'll make it a thousand."

He told everything he knew to the Chinaman, who listened with immobile countenance.

At the end of a week Doc High reported that the Galician distiller was the guilty party, or, if not, at least he was near to him, and that he had won the confidence of one of the Chinese salesmen.

A fortnight later, Doc High supplied the intelligence that a load of spirits would be sent by the Galician to an unknown customer that very evening, at nine o'clock or thereabouts.

Katzenbogen chuckled with delight. Donning his silk hat he went to the collector of internal

revenue and told his story, taking all credit to himself for the information. The official heard him, and, calling in two inspectors, introduced them to the dealer.

"You three can arrange the seizure and make the arrest. But be sure and do nothing unless you have the necessary evidence. With the evidence we can do everything; without it we will be thrown out of court."

That evening at eight o'clock, an hour ahead of the appointed time, Katzenbogen and the inspectors walked in the direction of the Galician's establishment. It was a rainy night, and East Broadway, usually crowded, was quite deserted. Nearly in front of the distillery was a covered wagon, and beside it on the sidewalk stood a Chinaman. "There they are now!" exclaimed the Russian.

As if to confirm his words, the Chinaman started off on a run, as did the heavily laden wagon. The three men dashed after him. The Chinaman turned down a side street.

"Don't follow him! Catch the wagon!" shouted an inspector.

They overhauled it near Pike street and were on the seat with the driver in an instant. The latter proved to be a young German, who declared he had received the goods from a man on the sidewalk. His load consisted of two barrels—one of gin and the other of raw spirits.

The Russian, overjoyed, insisted upon the arrest of the Galician. This was done by the inspectors, but not until their comrade had written them an order in a neighboring café.

The matter was duly heard by a United States Commissioner. The

liquor was condemned and the Galician acquitted.

This was gall and wormwood to the Russian, who had looked for a different judgment. His rage was increased two days afterward when the late prisoner brought suit against him for false arrest, laying his damages at one hundred thousand dollars.

When poor Doc High called to see his employer, the latter was in a very different mood from that of their first interview.

"You did your part all right, old man; but I made a fool of myself. I won't need you until I get out of this litigation, and I don't know but what I am sorry I ever got into the matter!"

Katzenbogen had started machinery of which he knew nothing. Within three months the Secret Service had arrested both him and

the Galician for illegal practices in distilling and rectifying, and one of the witnesses against him was a Chinaman whom he identified as the man who stood beside the express wagon the night of the seizure.

Time rolled on. Doc High's store grew dirtier and more dilapidated, and himself shabbier than ever.

One afternoon he went down town to the branch office of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation to send, as he said to Mrs. O'Brien, four dollars home to his aged parents in Canton.

Suddenly above the rumble of Chatham Square came the cry, "Fire! Fire at Doc High's!"

That ancient tenement was aflame. It was as dry as tinder, and in a short time the flames were

holding carnival throughout the doomed building.

There was a movement in the crowd and a Chinaman came through the fire lines.

"Cheer up, Doc," said Officer Kehoe; "better luck next time."

The druggist—for it was he—said, "Thank you," watched the fire several minutes and then was lost in the crowd.

In an hour the blazing structure collapsed, leaving a sullen heap of smoking, smoldering embers, from which rose a vapor which sickened the stoutest fireman there.

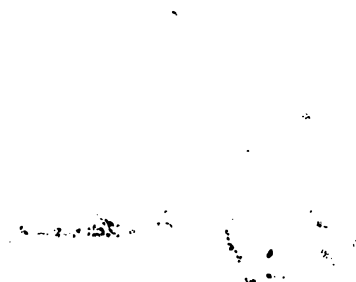
Two days afterward there was a surprise. Workmen digging in the ashes found copper stills and receivers, and the relics of an illicit distillery.

The authorities held an investigation, which showed that some one in Doc High's miserable tene-

ment had been using an apparatus capable of turning out a hundred and fifty gallons a day. There was a coil which drew the vapors of the mash tub into a flame and so destroyed nearly all their odor. What little remained had been disguised by the effluvia from the bones and dead animals laid upon the roof.

Of poor Doc High little was ever heard. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation admitted that he had sent home over \$50,000 from time to time, and that on the day of the fire he had bought a draft for \$5,000, paying in cash and showing a large roll of bills after the payment.





## **THE RED MOGUL**





**The Chinaman listened politely.**



## The Red Mogul.

---

The part of the dispatch from the Treasury Department which the Deputy-Collector read to the two inspectors in his private office at the Custom House was as follows:

“A year ago the Department believed that it had broken up the smuggling of opium into the United States for smoking purposes, but the belief was baseless. The price of the prepared drug remained at the old figure, a trifle below the duty itself, showing that the contraband trade kept on unabated.

“Investigations made by special agents at Macao, the headquarters of the illegal traffic, disclosed the fact that the importation was now effected through the port of New York, and that San Francisco, Portland and Tacoma had been given up by the smugglers. They have been sending their goods by the tea-steamers via the Suez Canal, and have not lost a consignment through seizure and confiscation. No blame has been attached to the inspectors, as the traffic is a new one, and conducted with great skill by those engaged upon it; nor is it of a nature to arouse suspicion when nothing of the kind is anticipated. Now that notice has been given, a more careful scrutiny must be made by your office.”

“We have been informed by our agents at Macao that a very large

shipment of smoking opium, some \$50,000 worth, has been made by the British steamship *Red Mogul*, which is now, or soon, due at Gibraltar, and is expected to arrive in two weeks at your port. You will detail two of your best men to watch the ship, and put on two night watchmen, instead of one.

"On account of the magnitude of the operation, the Department is exceedingly desirous of making a seizure. Let the two inspectors devote themselves to the matter at once and authorize them to expend a thousand dollars in capturing the smugglers. In case they make a seizure, they will receive one-half of the gross proceeds as a reward for their services.

"The Department is determined to put an end to this opium-smuggling ring, as the duties which ought to be collected amount to



over \$1,000,000 a year, while those which were collected last year were less than \$1,000. In case you require interpreters or other aid, you will notify the Department at once."

Here the Deputy-Collector looked up.

"This is all which concerns the matter," he added, "and it gives you a fair idea of the situation and its magnitude. I have selected you on account of your record and praiseworthy service. You will need all your craft in dealing with the affair, as a Chinese smuggler is a perfect demon of ingenuity. You had better board the *Red Mogul*, along with the quarantine officials, in the lower bay, from a revenue cutter, and come up to the city with her. You will make all necessary arrangements with the consignees, Fink, Eedy & Co., who

are merchants of high standing, and who will render you all assistance possible in ferreting out the smugglers."

Here he bowed, and the inspectors, wishing him good day, departed. It was after four, and they strolled to a German restaurant which served as a club to Custom House officials.

The object of their visit was to have a chat with a fellow-official who had served five years in the San Francisco Customs. Luck favored them. The man whom they wished to see was already there, eating a light meal at a table in a corner of the room.

They joined him and were soon exchanging professional experiences. The conversation was guided to the matter in their minds, and the ex-San Francisco man proved

an invaluable source of information.

"Chinese smugglers?" said he. "They beat the world. It is lucky they confine their work to opium, as otherwise they would ruin the Treasury. They never repeat a trick, and keep you guessing all the time. A man passes you leaning on a clumsy crutch. An hour afterward you learn that the crutch was a hollow bamboo filled with three pounds of the best drug, worth \$10 a pound. A laundryman carries off the dirty linen of the ship. In the middle of the sheets and pillow cases are fifty cans of the finest dope. A sailor goes by with his arm in a sling, done up in enough batting to make a mattress. The arm is bogus, a tin box filled with opium, while the real arm is fastened to his body inside his blouse."

An hour passed, in which he related singular experiences of this sort. Then the two inspectors excused themselves and, paying their score to the waiter, walked out into the street.

The San Francisco man watched them depart, and said half audibly:

"I wonder what they are up to? I'll bet even money that they have been detailed to some opium job and came here to pump me."

His remarks were heard by a man at the next table, a sallow, black-eyed, black-haired fellow, who had apparently been reading the afternoon paper for the past two hours, but who in reality had been listening to the three men, and had caught nearly every word.

That evening Watson and Spalding, the two inspectors, began their work. They visited Chinatown, where they engaged

Chuck Connors as a guide. They played the part of sight-seers very creditably and seemed to arouse no suspicion at any place.

At the opium joint over Callahan's they made the acquaintance of several friends, who talked freely about the drug. It was procurable at more than fifty stores and was sold at the same rate in all of them. There were four kinds, two of which were imported and two of domestic make. The former retailed for ten or eleven dollars (here the inspectors smiled involuntarily, for the tariff was ten dollars a pound) and the latter for five or six.

Could it be bought at wholesale? Possibly. Opium fiends are always poor and never buy the dope in quantities more than a few ounces at a time.

Where would they buy it? Oh!

at any one of the shops. Yes, there were brokers, at least there was one, Hop Young, whom they had known to sell and deliver five or ten pounds at a time. He was a quiet "Chink," who lived on the corner of Doyer and Pell streets. He was married to a buxom Irish girl, whose first name was Susie.

Coming out of the joint, the inspectors almost collided with Allen, the San Francisco man.

"What are you doing here?" quoth the latter.

"Seeing the sights. And what are you doing?" was Spalding's reply.

"Reviving my memories of the Golden Gate. I often drop down here and have a Chinese dinner and run across some Cantonese I knew in 'Frisco. Let's have a smile!"

As they swung around the cor-

ner to reach the front entrance of Callahan's saloon, a sallow, dark-eyed man, who was just behind them, vanished quickly from the street into the back door of the establishment.

When they entered the place the only vacant spot at the crowded bar was next to this man. His back was toward them, so that they did not notice that he was listening to their conversation.

"So you've been detailed to a special?" said Allen, as they touched glasses.

"How did you know?" asked Watson.

"The simplest way in the world. After you left me I received orders to cover your post while you were away, and as no time was specified, I knew you must have been put on a case of extra importance which

would take several days. What is it, opium or silk?"

"Diamonds," said Spalding, laconically.

The three men laughed and took a second drink. Allen saw that his colleagues did not desire to talk about their mission, and thinking they might prefer to be alone, wished them good-night and left the saloon.

"I'm glad he's gone," remarked Spalding. "He knew what we were after the moment he saw us down here. He had only to remember our long talk about the 'Frisco opium ring, and the two things fitted."

"Quite right," returned Spalding, "but it strikes me as if he was trying to find out what we were after. We had our talk first; then he was appointed to cover our post, and so learned of our absence,



and now we run across him down here far into the night. It is possible, old man, that he wants to sell our secret to the Chinamen here whom he used to know in 'Frisco."

"That never occurred to me, Spalding. It may be true, but I don't see that any one would pay cash to learn about you and me. It is more reasonable to believe that he is scheming to make the seizure himself and so pocket the reward."

"That sounds plausible, but there is no use of forming a judgment at present. As he may be up to crooked work, we'll keep our eyes open. It would be infernally rough if, after we had this thing assigned to us, he should creep in and carry off the proceeds. We'll block his game just as soon as we

see that it looks crooked. Where shall we meet to-morrow?"

"Anywhere you say."

"Why not here, at ten o'clock?"

"Make it nine. Our Celestial friend, Young, is a business man, and we had better get there early."

"All right; let it be at nine o'clock."

\* \* \*

At nine o'clock a sallow, dark-haired man bade good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Hop Young in their pleasant rooms on Pell street. Hop was a good specimen of the young Chinaman, though rather taller and better built than most of his race in Chinatown. His wife, Susie, was a handsome Irish-American woman, whose cheerful expression showed that her married life was happy and contented. They were laughing together over a bit of Mongolian

humor when a rap at the door announced visitors.

"There they come now, Hop," said Susie. "They keep their engagements better than most of the people I know who hold jobs under the government."

She opened the door and admitted the two inspectors. They expressed a desire to purchase a large amount of smoking opium, which they desired to obtain at wholesale rates and informed Hop Young that they were about to open an opium joint in Philadelphia.

The Chinaman listened politely and answered that he was merely a broker and could buy it for them from the dealers at any time; that Chinese trade discounts were small and they could do as well by purchasing directly from the mer-

chants as by employing him to act for them.

Spalding managed the conversation with rare skill, but the only point made was getting a promise from Hop Young that he would notify them whenever the market fell below the ordinary rates for the drug.

Every day they called at the Maritime Exchange to ascertain the pier at which the *Red Mogul* would dock. Not until two days before the arrival of that steamer did its consignees secure a berth and announce it on the bulletin board. Oddly enough, the pier was near the foot of Catharine street on the East River, the nearest spot on the water front to Chinatown.

"Luck seems to favor our almond-eyed friends," Spalding remarked, when his eyes rested on a sallow, olive-skinned man who was

reading the bulletins. He nudged Watson.

"Look at that fellow," he whispered. "We've met him several times in Chinatown and elsewhere. I've a strong suspicion that he is one of the smuggling ring, and is following us up."

Watson gazed at the man, who had now turned and was walking rapidly away.

"His face seems familiar. He looks like a half-breed or a man who has lived a long time in the Far East."

• As they left the exchange by one door, they saw Allen entering by another.

Spalding whistled softly.

"There's Allen again!" he exclaimed "I wonder if he is also playing Hawkshaw, the detective. Our little job is growing in interest."

Late the next night a dispatch from the Western Union Telegraph Company was brought by a messenger boy, announcing that the *Red Mogul* had been sighted from Sandy Hook. Early in the morning the inspectors boarded the revenue cruiser and in an hour were on the tea-steamer.

It was a large and handsome freighter, officered by British, with a Chinese crew of fifty, and six Manila men as quartermasters. The bill of health was approved by the quarantine officials and the big ship moved up the lower and upper bays and the East River, reaching its pier about noon.

Many Chinamen came and went during the next three days while the *Red Mogul* was unloading, but nothing occurred of a suspicious character. The inspectors were on the alert and searched carefully

everything that was brought on or off the vessel.

On the third day a sailor fell from a hoisting boom and injured or broke his leg. He was carried away to a Chinese boarding-house. With him were taken many boxes and bundles, which Spalding examined, but which contained nothing dutiable. That afternoon the inspectors were surprised at seeing Allen come down the pier and walk up the gang-plank.

"What are you doing here? Relieving us?"

"Oh, no; I've taken a week off to have my teeth fixed by the dentist, and to-day I learned that one of the officers of the *Red Mogul* was an old friend of mine in 'Frisco. Excuse me, but there he is now!"

Spalding looked at his partner.

"It may be all right, old man,

but there's something crooked behind this or I'm greatly mistaken."

On the fifth day there was a small-pox scare. A boatswain was the sufferer and a young Board of Health doctor put the ship under quarantine.

Two hours afterward the suspense was relieved by a messenger, who brought the news that the malady was an ordinary eruption of no importance. The sufferer had gone to the hospital and wanted his belongings. The other seamen were superstitious, but the cook laughed at the idea of contagion, packed the two trunks of the sick man and helped an expressman to carry them from the forecandle to his wagon. The inspectors were not cowards, but they believed in taking the safe side of things, and did not examine the trunks.

That evening when they left the



ship in charge of the watchmen, Watson seized his companion by the arm.

"There goes that dark fellow who has been dogging us for three weeks," he said.

Spalding looked around, but the stranger had disappeared in the crowd.

\* \* \*

The seventh day was a very busy one. The tea had been discharged and the crew was clearing out the dunnage and cleaning up the ship. At noon Watson went into the saloon to take luncheon, leaving Spalding on duty. The only one at the table was the second engineer, who shouted jovially, "Come in, Watson, you're just in time. To-day's my birthday and I'm toasting dear old Glasgow!"

Watson laughingly complied. The engineer was one of those

sturdy Scotchmen who are marvels of sobriety at all seasons excepting on special occasions, when they are the very reverse.

Watson yielded to the temptation of the moment and drank more than usual. Time fled and he heard his name called. Looking around, he saw Spalding, and rose to relieve him. But his knees bent under him and he was obliged to seize the chair to prevent falling.

"Spalding, I'm drunk, and I think I've been drugged by one of the Chinese stewards!"

Saying this, he collapsed in a way which proved one, if not both, assertions.

Spalding was annoyed and worried. He refused the engineer's invitation to join him, and went back on the deck. It was his duty to report to the custom house and

he disliked doing anything that would injure his friend.

He walked down to the head of the pier to the telephone booth and rang up the central office.

"Hello there, what is it?" came in a clear voice.

"Give me the custom house."

"Who are you?"

"None of your business. Give me the custom house, I say!"

"I beg your pardon, it is my business. This is a private wire you are using and only for our house. Please go away."

"Oh, excuse me. I thought it was a public 'phone. I am Custom House Inspector Spalding, and I want the custom house."

"All right; wait a second."

Soon a male voice sounded.

"Hallo there, what is it?"

"I'm Inspector Spalding, down at the Catharine street pier. My

partner is sick and I want another man sent down to help me."

"Wait, and I'll see the deputy." Then two minutes afterward: "All right; the deputy will send Jameson down. Watson is excused for the day. The chief says when Jameson arrives you are to come up here and explain some Cunard reports you put in last month. Come at two o'clock, as he is going out for luncheon very soon."

Spalding heaved a sigh of relief. Twenty minutes passed and a man came up the gang-plank. His face was flushed with hurrying, and his coat falling back disclosed the custom house badge.

"Inspector Spalding?"

"Yes. You're Inspector Jameson? You know about this matter?"

"Yes; the chief told me of its im-

portance. How's Watson? Not very sick I hope."

Spalding told the story of Watson's misadventure. Jameson laughed and remarked:

"Beware of Scotch engineers. Their legs are hollow and they are raised on whisky instead of milk."

\* \* \*

At two o'clock Spalding was at the custom house. He greeted the deputy collector, who seemed surprised to see him. A few words showed that the inspector had been lured away from the *Red Mogul* by some conspirator at the telephone.

Then he left the deputy and, taking a cab, arrived at the pier in phenomenally quick time. No Jameson was there. In the cabin Watson was snoring loudly. The ship was strangely quiet. From an officer he learned that shore liberty

had been given to half the crew, who desired to celebrate some heathen festival. The mate added that they had taken with them two wagonloads of mysterious boxes, with which to commemorate the event. Spalding knew what the boxes contained.

\* \* \*

At half-past twelve Allen peered from a doorway at No. 20 Pell street, and, to his delight, saw a wagon approaching on which beside the driver sat a sallow, dark-complexioned man.

"Well, they fooled Spalding and Watson, but they won't fool me," chuckled he. The same instant he received a stinging blow in the face. He was about to strike back when he saw his assailant was a well-dressed, handsome young woman.

He stepped back in amazement, knocking over an Italian child.

As he did so, the woman cried for help and the child screamed in fear.

From all quarters came a rush of men, and Allen found himself the target of men and women alike. He was a very pitiable object when Officer Kehoe broke through the crowd and stopped the fighting.

"What's the matter here?" asked the policeman.

"Arresta him, policeman, he kicka my child!" said an angry Italian.

"Run him in, Mike, He's a masher and insulted a lady here three minutes ago."

Allen was only too glad to get out of the clutches of the crowd, and went willingly to the station house. Here he had difficulty, first in convincing the angry Italian

woman that the affair had been an accident, and second, in getting a clean suit of clothing from his home. It was after five o'clock when he emerged from the station house in fresh raiment, and with a face which his best friend would scarcely have recognized.

\* \* \*

That evening there was a little dinner party at the Man Lay Won, the Chinese Delmonico.

A dark man at the board said:

"Mrs. Young, you make a very good telephone girl."

"That's nothing," answered Susie. "What I enjoyed most was doing up the man who tried to put up a job on his friends."





## **THE TEMPTATION OF LI LI**





It was an old-fashioned shell cameo



## The Temptation of Li Li

---

No. 17 Pell street is a ramshackle tenement house, in which fifty tenants are crowded into sixteen rooms.

On the third floor rear lived Li Li, a young man of twenty-five, who was a clerk in a Chinese lottery establishment next door. He did not like his business, but it paid him fairly, and he knew of no other calling in which he could do as well. Nevertheless he was ambitious and worked hard to improve himself.

He was a model student at the

Five Points House of Industry, where a lot of devout young women tried to Christianize him, and incidentally to teach him English.

Li regarded the attempts as a man does a sugar-coated pill. He was willing to study a religion which seemed to him rather funny and very unnatural for the sake of becoming a good English scholar. He worked hard and made considerable progress.

He was grateful to his teacher, an old maid, named Miss King, whose chief dream was to make Li into a devout Christian. Once she had invited him to her house, far up on Madison avenue, where she lived with her bachelor brother. Li called and was warmly received by his teacher, but was snubbed and almost insulted by Mr. King himself. The poor woman apologized to the Chinaman for her brother's

discourtesy and almost cried when Li, with an expressionless countenance, asked her if her brother was a Christian.

On the third floor front of No. 17 Pell street lived two crooks. They were home but seldom, and when home drank deeply. Li, from his bunk, could look through an ancient transom and see the men and even hear their conversation.

The transom was covered with paper so that the two criminals could not see Li in turn, and as the latter was a polite Chinaman, who never raised his voice, they could not hear him. Owing to this fact Li came to know more about his neighbors than they ever dreamed.

He knew they were burglars who attended to their nefarious calling about once a fortnight. He could tell when they had a job on hand by seeing them arrange their



tools and sharpen their cutting instruments.

When they came back, it required but a moment for him to discover whether they had prospered or failed. If it were the latter, they said little, but drank and swore until they fell asleep. If it were the former, they produced and gloated over their booty, and drank and laughed until they fell into a stupor.

Li had the Oriental virtue of minding his own business. So long as the two thieves did not interfere with him he would not interfere with them.

He was inclined to change his attitude one night when, looking through the transom at his neighbors, he noticed that in their booty they had some silk shawls that could only have come from a Chinaman. The next day, how-

ever, he learned that an American had been robbed of a bundle of shawls in Doyer street, and so, as the theft had not concerned his own people, he gave the matter no further thought.

During Christmas week the lottery was very busy, and Li seldom got home before midnight. One evening he climbed up into his bunk and had lighted his cigarette, which he proposed smoking before falling asleep.

He inhaled the three or four breaths and was about to throw the cigarette away, when he heard his neighbors entering their room. Soon the sound of laughter and the clinking of metal told him that they had returned from a successful house-breaking.

Li raised the covering and looked through the transom. The two burglars were sitting at a table on

which two whisky bottles and glasses were in active use.

Between them glittered their booty. There were watches and chains, rings, silverware, money and some thick papers, which Li did not recognize, but which he knew must be of considerable value from the eager way in which the men pointed at them.

He had a quick eye for gold and precious stones, and knew that this spoil was worth several thousand dollars. As he looked, the thought arose in his mind that he might secure this wealth for himself and be a rich man. With the money and jewels he could go back to China and there hold a position of prominence till his death.

The thought grew upon him, and he made up his mind to carry it into effect. The god of luck was with Li.

The men drank until they had finished one bottle of whisky, and then from a trunk brought out an opium pipe and some smoking opium. They lay upon their bunks, rolled the brown paste into lozenges, which they affixed to the pipe bowl, and, applying this to the flame, converted it into a thick, blue smoke, which they inhaled with every appearance of delight. Now and then they would stop smoking to renew their attacks upon the whisky.

Li smiled. He knew that the combination of opium and whisky would soon produce a sleep that would be as deep as death itself.

What he expected soon happened. The last drop of the second bottle disappeared, and then one of the pair fell asleep without undressing, and the second followed his example.

Li went quickly to work. The transom was hinged and moved the moment he applied his strong hands to the frame.

He removed his shoes and dropped lightly into the burglars' room. He strode to the table, seized the booty, concealed it within his blouse, and within a few minutes unfastened the door and went back to his own room through the hallway.

When he came in he noticed that his own roommate had not yet arrived home.

He proceeded to hide the spoil and, in separating the jewelry, he gave a slight start as his eye rested upon a familiar object. It was an old-fashioned shell cameo, surrounded with small diamonds. There was no mistaking it. It was the brooch which he had seen upon

his teacher's breast a thousand times.

He stood looking at the jewel for a minute, and then, nodding his head as if in answer to an inaudible question, he produced some tissue paper from a closet, and, with great care, wrapped it about the brooch and the other jewels.

When he had finished, he placed them all in a box which he covered with thick brown paper and put under his pillow. Then climbing into his bunk he closed his eyes and was soon sound asleep.

The next morning at half-past seven there was a terrible row next door. The burglars had awakened to find their door ajar and the booty vanished.

Each accused the other of being a traitor, each gave and took the lie. From words, the quarrel passed to blows, and then one of the

two drew a knife and slashed wildly at the other's throat. There were screams, a heavy fall, and then a man ran down the stairs and vanished into the street.

In a moment or two a crowd had collected, followed by the appearance of policemen. An ambulance was sent for, and the wounded burglar was carried away to a hospital.

Before Li went to business he concealed the property he had secured in a stout trunk in which he kept his clothing. He attended to business that week and on Sunday went to the House of Industry.

He bowed and smiled when Miss King came in, the same as he had done every Sunday during the past two years. She returned his salutation, but her face did not seem as happy as usual. The lines were deeper, and around her eyes were

dark circles. Li understood the cause of her trouble.

"You feel well, to-day?" he asked.

"Pretty well, Li, thank you."

"You have good time this week?"

"No; very bad time, Li; I was robbed."

Then Miss King told her scholar the story of her troubles. Burglars had entered the house when she and her brother were away at a Christmas festivity, and had taken all her jewelry, her bonds, and a lot of money belonging to her brother.

Li heard the story without changing a muscle.

"You catch the thief?"

"I am afraid not, Li. The police are working hard, but have made no progress whatever."

The English lesson passed off



pleasantly, and at its close Miss King complimented her scholar upon the progress he was making. She did this always, but it nevertheless pleased the Chinaman. He thanked her, and when the class adjourned he escorted her to Centre street, where she took the Madison avenue car.

An hour later the door bell of her home announced a visitor. Her brother answered the ring and found there the Chinaman.

His brow darkened, but nevertheless he remembered the pain he had produced by his conduct upon a former occasion, and he asked Li to come in.

Miss King was sitting in the parlor, and she rose, looking a trifle worried, and at the same time smiling.

"Miss King, I bring you back your jewels and your bonds be-

cause you are a very good woman and a good Buddhist, just the same as a Chinaman."

As he spoke, he handed to her the box, and also a large envelope in which he had placed the bonds. He then turned to the brother.

"Mr. King, here's your money; I give it to you, not because you are a Christian, but because you are the brother of my teacher. The thief who stole these things was a bad man, whom the gods have punished and who is now in the hospital. I wish you both good morning."

And before the astonished pair could answer a word, he had left the room.

Two days afterward Miss King and her brother made their first call at No. 17 Pell street. Both turned pale and shivered as they went up the stairs. They found Li

at home, and he received them with the dignity and urbanity of a Mandarin. They thanked him for the return of their property and asked him how he had managed to do more than the entire police force. Li smiled as he replied:

"It was the goddess of good luck who helped me and Miss King, and the god of bad luck who punished the thief and his accomplice."

In vain they tried to get an explanation from Li. The call was otherwise pleasant, and when they left Mr. King, taking Li's hand, said very humbly:

"I wish to apologize to you Li, for my treatment of you when you called at my house; I was wrong, and you were right. You, a Chinaman, have taught me, a Christian gentleman, a lesson I shall never forget. Will you please accept this

as a slight token of our gratitude and esteem?"

After they had departed, Li opened the envelope which Mr. King had pressed upon him, and in it he found a diamond ring which had belonged to his teacher, and a check which enabled him to return to Canton and there enjoy the pleasures which a little wealth affords in the Far East.



## **A MOTT STREET INCIDENT**





No one in Mott Street would have recognized the brilliant and dashing Ah Wing.





## A Mott Street Incident.

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### I.

The entry of Moy Ah Wing into Mott street society was a complete success. He had first-class credentials from the Kolaohui and Triad in Canton and the Four companies in San Francisco. He had credit upon the Howqua Bank and a draft on the New York branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.

He had also enough ready cash to pay his way and entertain handsomely. Money has the same power over the Mongolian as the Caucasian.

When, therefore, it was an-

nounced on the red bulletin in front of No. 14 Mott that Ah Wing had bought a junior partnership in the old conservative house of Moy Sing, there was no astonishment in the colony. The only expression was that of satisfaction at the firm having gained a valuable member.

Ah Wing proved an able merchant. Ere a year had passed the business of his firm had doubled. He made friends in every quarter, and at the annual election of the Masonic Club, the Long Gee Tong, was elected treasurer.

He was judicious in his dissipation. He drank the aromatic wines of the Far East, but in moderation, and only at his meals. He played fan-tan, bak-a-peh and poker, but stopped when he had won or lost a reasonable amount of cash.

He wasted but little time upon the fair damsels of the neighbor-

hood, confining his attentions to a pretty Irish-American maid who lived in Doyer street.

It was noticed, however, that he possessed both luck and skill at all games of chance. When Ong Tsai, the wealthy laundryman of Harlem, met him one evening and challenged him for high stakes, his play was the admiration of all who saw it, excepting his opponent.

The Chinese are good losers, and Ong Tsai never complained, but the gossips of Mott street said that Ah Wing had profited more than a thousand dollars in the evening's tourney.

Occasionally a Chinese gambler dropped in from Denver or San Francisco, and then there was a conflict which drew large crowds to the gambling house at No. 18. Sometimes the newcomer won, sometimes he lost.

According to Dame Gossip, Ah Wing profited, upon the whole, from these little episodes.

But Dame Gossip is a very unreliable old lady.

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## II.

The Long Gee Tong is the largest benevolent society in Chinatown. It maintains a sick and accident fund, an orphans' fund and a burial fund. It also acts as trustee or banker for the Chinese community. Much of its capital is kept in several New York banks, but there is always a goodly amount in the large safe which stands, or rather stood, in the committee room of the second floor of the club house.

It was guarded by four locks. These were all different, the keys being carried respectively by the

president, the vice-president, the secretary and the treasurer of the society.

This simple expedient made defalcation on the part of a single officer an impossibility. Once a week the society met and the safe was opened by the four officials.

As was found out some time afterward, the president of the club fell into the bad habit of leaving his key at home in his store on Pell street.

He gave it no thought, because no one could have identified it among the other keys he kept in his desk.

One evening the vice-president had a queer experience. He was smoking opium in the private office of Moy Sing and fell asleep. He awoke with the feeling that some one had been searching his pockets.

He promptly went through his clothing and found nothing missing, but the memory still obtruded itself upon his mind, and with it came the thought that it was the first time that he had ever fallen asleep in smoking eight pills of the narcotic.

He remembered vaguely that there were stronger preparations of the drowsy drug in use among fiends, but he dismissed the thought contemptuously. His friend, Moy Sing, was a connoisseur and would not keep strong and dangerous preparations in his place, much less offer them to his friends.

About a month after this, the secretary of the Long Gee Tong was sandbagged one night in the dark hall of an old house in Doyer street.

When he came to he found his

pockets turned inside out and his keys, revolver and money lying in the hall beside him.

He concluded that the highway-men had been frightened away, but at the same time could not understand why they had not carried off the money secured by the robbery.

Several months after this last event the spring subscriptions to the society came in, and until a late hour the four officers sat up receiving the money, giving receipts and entering the amounts in the club archives.

It was three in the morning when they parted with the understanding that they would meet on the following Wednesday morning to carry the larger part of the deposits to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, at William and Wall streets.

Wednesday morning all were



there but Ah Wing. They waited a half-hour for him and dispatched a messenger to his place of business. The boy returned with the message that Ah Wing had gone over to Jersey City the night before in company with a Denver gambler. They were alarmed, and feared their colleague might have been the victim of foul play. They adjourned the session until Saturday.

In the meantime they sent the temple clerk to Jersey City to make inquiries. He spent Thursday and Friday, and returned with but little information.

All that he had learned was that two well-dressed Chinamen had been seen drinking near the Pennsylvania depot early in the evening.

Saturday morning they opened the safe with the assistance of an expert from Marvin's.

If the ground had opened before them they could not have been more horrified and astonished.

The safe was empty!

Every penny of the forty-nine hundred dollars they had deposited the week previous was gone!

They closed the door, put their seals upon it and sent out the "call of urgency" to the executive committee.

Within an hour every member of this body was present.

At the same time they sent a messenger round to various banks with which the Long Gee Tong did business either in its own name or in that of its officers.

The committee man brought back more bad news. Moneys which had been given to the treasurer for remittance to China had not been delivered, and the drafts which he had displayed in the past

thirty days had been forgeries. Quick figuring disclosed an additional shortage of nearly six thousand dollars.

The meeting of the executive body was intensely serious. The chairman of the body, a wealthy importer who had gained a Sou-Chai scholarship at home, read the law which governs such proceedings and then called for a vote. The resolution offered was carried unanimously and the chairman was empowered to carry the sentence decreed into execution.

It was written on a piece of scarlet paper with white ink; and in the Cantonese dialect it sounded like a line from an old poet:

"You have robbed the poor and the dead. Make restitution or become both."

## III.

Nearly two years after that meeting, two men were talking in a prosperous laundry on Queen street, Toronto.

One, the proprietor, said:

"I am going downtown to get some fresh air and purchase three ducks for my festival to-morrow. It is the day of the River Gods in the old country, and my ancestors were sailors and pirates. I'll stop in and see a few friends and may not come home until late. There is no work this afternoon, and if you feel tired, don't sit up for me, but go to bed."

The other one nodded acquiescence and the proprietor passed out into the street and was lost to sight.

The man who was left lit a water pipe and sat down upon a stool.

He was not an attractive object; one side of his face was disfigured by a terrible scar which seemed of recent origin, and the uninjured half bore the marks of premature age. His eyes, still bright and intelligent, had a furtive tremor in them like those of a hunted animal.

No one in Mott street would have recognized in him the brilliant and dashing Ah Wing. What he had done and where he had been were known to himself and—so far as he was aware—to no one else.

He knew that the Long Gee Tong was on his track and might reach him, no matter what country he hid himself in. He smiled, however, as he thought of the shrewdness with which he had covered his movements, and yet as he smiled he looked spasmodically at the rear door and then at the front.

The afternoon passed, and early

in the evening he fastened up the house, prepared and ate a light meal and lay down upon a comfortable bunk covered with soft, thick drapery. From a shelf he took down an opium pipe, cooked a pill and drew in the thick, blue smoke.

He was a confirmed smoker now, and gave a deep sigh of relief as the last atom of the past evaporated in the flame.

As he laid the pipe down to prepare a second pill, a puzzled look came over his face. The opium had tasted much stronger than it had in the morning.

He looked at the hop-toy, or opium box. It was his own—one which he had carried with him for many years. He resumed the pipe and soon passed into the deadly comfort which is known only to the habitual smoker,

He reached a stage in which pleasant are mixed with unpleasant dreams. In his sleep he seemed to be struggling with strange creatures, half-animal and half-human.

The nightmare was so powerful that he awoke with a sudden start.

"Pshaw! it was only a dream!" he muttered.

But no—it was not. There were three men sitting on the three sides of the divan and all looking fixedly at him.

One of them had a round, full face, and on his head a pink and blue baby cap. The second, on the other side, had an arm in a sling and his face tied up in bandages. The third, at the foot of the bed, had dark circles around the eyes and white lines drawn across the face, so as to make him look like a living skull.

The man with the baby cap, after a minute's silence, said:

"Ah Wing, I am the orphan, and I have come for my money!"

The man with the bandages next spoke:

"Ah Wing, I am the man who was sick and injured, and I have come for my money!"

And then the man at the foot of the bed broke the stillness:

"Ah Wing, I am the dead, and I have come to take you with me!"

Ah Wing moved his hand slowly toward the opium pipe. He was brave, and he thought he would make a fight for his life.

As his hand moved, the men on either side instantly displayed weapons, the one a revolver and the other a knife.

The man with the skull rose, and, from an unseen pocket, drew what



seemed a black marble, and handed it to the recumbent man.

"Take it, Ah Wing, it is your passport to my place!"

Ah Wing took the substances mechanically, thought for a second and then asked:

"Have you the red paper?"

The man with the skull, as if in answer to the thought, rather than the question, drew it from within his blouse and laid it on Ah Wing's lap.

He read the short sentence, nodded and swallowed the pill. He lay back upon the pillow and saw the lights fade into dim radiance, and then into utter darkness.

\* \* \*

There was an inquest the next day, and a lot of God-fearing Caucasians found that an overworked laundryman had committed suicide in a fit of mental depression,

**THE END OF THE HALL**





"It will cost you a thousand, cash down, to square yourself," said the wardman.



## The End of the Hall.

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The halls and stairways of No. 17½ Pell street are so dark as to suggest the vaults of a catacomb. The resemblance is increased by the embrasure of the windows and doors. These windows look into what New York builders call with delicious irony "lightshafts," and the doors lead into groups of cells and dungeons known as "model apartments."

At noon the halls are a gray dusk, and the embrasures portals of inky blackness. At night a flickering gasjet converts the halls into gloomy caverns, but only

makes the embrasures the darker by contrast.

The bell in St. Patrick's Church, on Mott street, had struck six, and the streets were beginning to fill with the children of toil. The bartender at Flynn's had swept out that famous tavern and the early toppers had dropped in for the matin cocktail.

At No. 17½ there was the sound of awakening through the large tenement. Tenants walked carefully down to the ground floor and out into the street.

None stopped on the first floor, which was occupied by Hop Wing, the rich gambler, and none saw an indistinct form in the rear doorway.

Yet there was something in that doorway which swung slowly to and fro, like an old-fashioned pendulum.

Seven o'clock, eight o'clock arrived. The hall grew less indistinct, and the swinging something began to emerge from the darkness.

Two men and a woman came downstairs. Their eyes were dull and their faces sodden. From their lungs and clothes rose the reek of opium smoke.

There was a wild scream and all three dashed down the stairs into the open air. 'Ere five minutes had escaped, a crowd had swarmed in from the street and packed the halls and stairways.

Every eye was turned to the dark doorway. Some one had lighted a jet nearby, and the yellow rays fell full upon the body of a Chinaman hanging by the neck from a nail in the upper part of the large door.

"Wake up, Hop Wing! wake up!" they screamed, and pounded

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on the door of the gambler's apartment.

Soon it opened, and the tenant, half-dressed, appeared. He was tall, broadshouldered and muscular. Vice was written across his face in unmistakable letters. He snarled at the crowd:

"What's all this row about? Get out of here, and go about your business!"

The crowd made way for him as he came forward. They knew and feared him, and those who knew him best feared him the most.

He reached the hanging body, and, with a cruel wrench, twisted it around. The face, which now became visible, was dark and congested with blood, and was made hideous by a swollen, half-protruding tongue.

"Bah, it's that fool, Chung!

Good riddance of the swine!  
Here, some one, cut him down!"

A voice said:

"Better wait for the police!"

Hop Wing glared at the speaker.

"Hang the police ! I know them,  
and pay them. Cut him down, I  
say!"

At this moment a bluecoat appeared. To Hop Wing's surprise, the officer did not bow to him obsequiously, as on all former occasions, but went to the corpse and felt the latter's face and hands.

"Send for my partner on the corner and tell him to telephone to the station house. Now, all of you Chinks clear out!"

The words were accompanied by an appropriate use of his club, which quickly caused a stampede of the crowd.

Hop Wing retired to his apartment, slamming the oaken door as

he entered. He threw himself on a rich divan, lit a cigarette and chuckled softly to himself.

The dead man, Chung, had once been his friend and partner, and afterward his enemy and rival. For five years the two men had fought each other with desperation. Hop Wing had been the more unscrupulous and had come off victorious.

He had ruined Chung, had bribed or intimidated Chung's clerks, and finally had bought the lease of Chung's gambling-house and turned the latter into the street. Then, to make assurance doubly sure, he had trumped up a charge against his rival, and had used politicians and police to railroad Chung to Blackwell's Island. The suicide made the affair a finished job.

"So the dog thought he'd ruin me? Perhaps his ghost will have a

try at me, too!" he muttered, grimly.

Perhaps the ghost heard him, or perhaps both words and ghost were parts of Hop Wing's karma.

An hour afterward the wardman called. His talk was brief and to the point.

"Say, Hop, you are in a bad hole. Chung's friends say that you had him hanged by Highbinders as a matter of revenge, and they are offering us big money to pinch you and close your fantan joint. It will cost you a thousand cash down now to square yourself."

The Chinaman winced, but with his wisdom, he paid the money without demur.

In the afternoon there was a visit from the coroner, who started the arrangements for an inquest. Hop Wing objected to the function, as it would take a week and

would compel him to keep his place closed during that period. He was, therefore, obliged to call upon "Red Mike," the captain of the election district, who, in some inscrutable way, had the coroner hold the inquest in the undertaker's store, on Mott street.

According to Mike, who was a prosaic and philosophic character, the task involved "seeing" the coroner, the coroner's clerk, the police surgeon, the deputy, the undertaker, the captain of the next district, the Board of Health, and certain others.

At any rate, it cost the luckless gambler five hundred dollars, as much as the profits of the place under ordinary auspices.

That evening he received a notice from the Long Gee Tong, the great Masonic Guild of Chinatown,

that he was expected to give Chung's remains a decent burial.

For a moment he was tempted to disobey the summons. In fact, he had taken up the pen to write a refusal, when it occurred to him that such a course meant the suppression of his business and his bankruptcy.

He yielded, and reluctantly ordered and paid for a first-class funeral for the luckless suicide.

Heretofore he had always laughed at the foreign devil newspapers. He found reason to modify his opinions on returning from the undertaker's, when a newsboy offered him the evening issue, on two of which he saw grewsome sketches of the morning's tragedy. He kicked the boy, who screamed, and was about to kick again, when a 'longshoreman interposed, and,

with a well-directed blow sent the enraged gambler into the gutter.

That night there was a crowd of sightseers in front of No. 17½. They blocked the sidewalk and rendered access to the house difficult and at times impossible.

It was the same the next day and the third. His customers would not enter and his two "cappers" were afraid to stand in the doorway and invite strangers.

His feelings were not improved when the wardman called and ordered him to keep closed a few days more until the thing had blown over. The blankety-blank newspapers had made such a noise about the fantan games and the opium joint that the "old man" had determined upon the safe policy of lying low and keeping quiet.

Two days after this he was angered beyond expression. His

croupier, cashier, bouncer and capers suddenly left him and opened a rival establishment next door.

He called on them and poured out the vials of his wrath, but to no purpose. He engaged a new staff, but his old trade did not return.

He implored the aid of the wardman, but soon found that this polite official had been retained by his ex-employees. He next turned to "Red Mike," but with similar results. Then, carried away by his passion, he called upon an agent of the Society for the Suppression of Gambling, and made complaint against the place next door.

Who gave the tip he never learned, but on his return from the court, where he had sworn to the affidavit on which the warrant was issued, he heard some one call him a spy and a traitor.

He gave the remark no attention



at the time, but he recalled it with great evidence that night, when the police, having raided the den next door, where they found not a scintilla of evidence of fantan, invaded his place, seized the furniture, gaming utensils and money, and arrested his clerks, his customers and himself.

That night was the blackest one in his career. He had to send for Mike to obtain bail for all of his co-defendants, and when, early in the morning, he reached No. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$  it was to find that it had been entered in his absence and robbed of everything of value which was portable.

The trial came off. He was acquitted, of course, but at a very heavy price. What with witnesses, "Red Mike," and other kindhearted gentry, it took nearly all his remaining capital.

Nevertheless, he remained undaunted. In the next month, he tried to re-open his game, but was promptly arrested and fined. Then he tried to obtain a partner, and negotiated with several eligible men. In every case negotiations came to a quick end when the prospective partner called upon "Red Mike" and the wardman.

Hop Wing now learned what it was to be blacklisted by the police. He tried to open a fantan house in the next precinct, but without avail. Things seemed propitious at first, but in a day or two it became evident that the district captain had seen "Red Mike," and the new wardman, the old.

New York grew distasteful, and Hop Wing determined to go to Denver or San Francisco, where profits were smaller, and protection did not cost so much.

He sold everything he had, the last sale being that of the furnishings of his living rooms. It was about eight o'clock at night when the money was paid over and the purchaser put in possession.

According to the etiquette of the Far East, they drank tea together and parted. The new owner closed the door after him and Hop Wing passed down the hall.

Was that the body of a man in the second doorway, or was it the ghost of Chung? A noise, very slight, caught the gambler's ear, who reached into his blouse for his revolver, and turned at the same time.

It was too late. A thousand stars flashed before him and he fell unconscious upon the dirty floor.

When he came to, he was in a hospital, lying weak and helpless upon a bed. There was a long


struggle between life and death, but the man recovered.

In his delirium he saw Chung hanging in the dark doorway, no longer dead, but alive and vengeful. As he approached, Chung leaped forward with a hatchet, such as Highbinders use, and struck him on the temple.

The day at last came when he was discharged. During his illness he had been as stern and savage as in the old years. He had made no friends, but he had secured admiration by his *sangfroid* and imperturbability.

He reached Pell street, but was hardly recognized by his former acquaintances. He was thin, gaunt and nerveless. His clothes, which had been cleaned at the hospital, hung in loose folds about his frame.

He entered a store and sold a finger ring, the only thing the un-



known highwayman had not taken on the night of the robbery.

The money he received for the jewel enabled him to live comfortably for a fortnight. He tried to secure employment, but everywhere met with rebuffs.

Each time he passed No. 17½ he felt a strange desire to enter the building. Each time he saw in his mind the dark hall and the darker doorway, and in the doorway a shadowy figure quivering in the air.

His money gave out, and for two days he walked the street by day and slept in the hallway of No. 17½ by night. People passed him as he dozed, but he could not tell whether they were real or ghosts.

It seemed to him that Chung came down the hall and that he raised himself and struck his old partner down with a hatchet.

As Chung fell lifeless on the floor, he looked at the dead face, and it was no longer Chung's, but his own.

He realized that Chung had been the victor, the same as he had been. The third night he was in a delirium and walked with Chung from the street door down to the dark second doorway on the floor above.

Six o'clock from St. Patrick's and the streets were beginning to echo the footsteps of workingmen and women. The hall at No. 17½ was dark and the doorway at the end of the hall darker still. Within the embrasure an indistinct something swayed slowly to and fro.

Hop Wing and Chung had again become partners.



## **THE MOUSETRAP**







Without a groan the Chinaman sank to the floor.



## The Mousetrap.

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When Mike Gerritty, opium fiend and ward politician, was smoking the seductive drug in the dilapidated joint at No. 9 Pell street, his reflections were not so roseate as usual. He had incurred many debts of late, his credit was below par—in fact, exhausted—and his salary as inspector of services was sold in advance for five months to come, the buyer being the captain of his district. His daily expenses were never less than five dollars in amount, and of this two dollars were consumed upon the ever-burning altar fire of morphine.

On this particular day he had experienced great trouble in raising enough to buy the five shells of Li-yuen gung-yen, which were his daily allowance at the joint. Midnight came and went without bringing the pleasant drowsiness so dear to the opium fiend.

Nearly all the other smokers were asleep, and as their tiny lamps were extinguished, the place grew darker and darker. In pondering over the problem of how to raise money on the morrow, he forgot his own lamp, and, after a few spasmodic flickers, it went out.

He reached mechanically for the matchbox on the smoking tray, and, opening it, felt for a match, but found none. The few that were there in the beginning of the evening had been used by him in lighting cigarettes. With a muttered

curse he threw the box to the floor and resumed his meditations.

A faint gleam of light fell upon his face from a hole in the partition which separated the joint from the rooms of Sing Wah, a shopkeeper, which were on the same floor, in the rear of the building. Ordinarily, this would not have aroused any interest on his part, but tonight he was nervous, and something prompted him to see where the light came from.

He raised himself from the headrest, and, leaning on his elbow, looked into the adjoining apartment. There at a table sat Sing Wah, apparently closing his business accounts. Before him lay a Chinese account book, whose yellow pages were covered with Mongolian characters, and—what was more fascinating to Mike's eyes—a

pile of bills of various denominations.

The sight of the money caused his heart to beat faster, and his mind to form plans for its acquisition.

Sing Wah worked for half-an-hour, and then closing his account books he took the money, placed it in a small box and concealed the latter in a small cupboard ingeniously constructed in the headboard of an old-fashioned wooden bedstead.

During all this time, Gerritty's eyes were rivited on the aperture in the partition. He found the hiding-place of his "Chinky neighbor," as he contemptuously termed Sing Wah, and already he had evolved a half-dozen schemes for rifling the little hoard.

The light went out in Sing Wah's room, and, shortly afterward, the

opium fiend left the joint and walked to the tenement where his parents resided. He stopped on the corner of Pell street and the Bowery, where he chatted a moment with Officer Kehoe, who was on duty, and then, entering the saloon, took a drink with Pat Sullivan, the bartender. With some ostentation he declared that he was tired out and was going home for a square night's sleep.

He reached his residence, and, for half-an-hour, he was busy in the closet he called his room. To a spectator his actions would have seemed curious. They consisted in bringing from a table drawer a lot of keys of various sizes, all of them so filed and cut away as to seem skeletons in brass and steel. He also wrapped a piece of lead pipe two feet in length with a newspaper and then brown paper, until



it looked like a sausage which a German brings home from the delicatessen store.

At six in the morning, Sing Wah rose, made his toilet and was soon on his way to the store, No. 16 Mott street, where he was a second partner. As he swung around the corner from Pell street into Mott, Gerritty emerged from the dark doorway of No. 12, on the other side of Pell street, crossed that thoroughfare and entered No. 9.

Mercury, the god of thieves, seemed to favor him, because the second key which he tried opened the door and allowed him to enter Sing Wah's room. The moment he had entered, he locked the door from the inside, removed the key and advanced to the bed. It took him some time to find and open the hiding-place and to extract the

strong box. For a moment he paused, uncertain whether to force the box or to take it away.

It occurred to him that there might be people in the street when he came out and that the sight of an American carrying a Chinese box would arouse suspicion. Acting on the thought, he looked about for a screwdriver or other instrument with which to force the lock of the box.

He secured a pair of heavy scissors, and with these he managed to pry apart the hinges and break the stout brass catch which held down the front of the lid. There lay the money—ones, twos, fives, tens and even twenties. In the joy of possession he counted the bills and found that they amounted to over five hundred dollars. He placed them in his inside pocket and

stepped to the door to leave the place.

Just then he heard footsteps on the stair. They came nearer, stopped in front of the door, and then came the sound of a key being inserted in the lock.

A grim look of rage came over Gerritty's face, mingled with one of cruelty which marked him in his frequent brawls. He stepped back a foot or two, and, raising the brown-paper package, waited in silence.

As the door opened, Sing Wah advanced a step into the apartment. His face was half-turned, and he did not see the intruder. The next moment the lead pipe fell, and without a groan the Chinaman sank to the floor.

Gerritty stepped out, closed and locked the door and returned to his home. Here, he concealed

nearly all of his plunder and went out to celebrate what he regarded as a signal victory over the heathen.

He was drinking in Callahan's saloon in Chatham Square when some one came in and spoke of a murder having been committed in Pell street that morning. Shortly afterward, a newsboy entered the place with an extra giving full details of the terrible murder. Gerriitty bought a copy and read the story aloud to his boon companions. He smiled to himself when he saw that a Chinese Highbinder was suspected, and then, throwing the paper on the floor, resumed carousing.

That afternoon he was arrested on suspicion and thrown into jail. Four days afterward there was a hearing before a magistrate. The police had no positive evidence against him, and for the defense a

dozen witnesses proved an unimpeachable abili. Gerritty was discharged, and became the hero of Chatham Square.

On the day after the murder, the Long Gee Tong, of the Canton Masonic Lodge, telegraphed the news to Sing Gong, an elder brother of the murdered man, who had a large business in Denver. Three days afterward, Gong was in New York, and was an interested spectator at the hearing before the magistrate.

He made no outcry when the prisoner was discharged, but returned to the boarding-house in Doyer street, where he was staying during his visit to the city. Here in one corner of the room was a mousetrap, and in it the body of a dead mouse.

Sing Gong removed the little rodent to the table, and then

anointed it with the white of an egg and with some green oil, which he took from a small vial from a pocket beneath his blouse. From another pocket he took two large, brass pins of Eastern make and inserted them in the body of the mouse. With a small string, he attached the latter to the chandelier, and, standing before it, he uttered what might have been a prayer, an imprecation or an incantation.

For the next five days Sing Gong seemed to do nothing but watch the mouse. Decomposition set in, and a strange mold formed upon the velvety brown fur. It was gray at first, and then came green spots, which widened and merged into one another. After a time red lines broke out on the green surface until they formed what looked like a scarlet network over the little body.

Then with great care Sing Gong removed the pins and holding them by the head, fanned them until the ooze upon the surface had dried into a green glaze. Wrapping them in the finest white tissue-paper, he placed them in a small box and hid this within his garments.

In the meantime Gerritty had resumed his former way of living, and passed his nights in whole or in part at the joint. He did not notice that there was a new attendant in the place, nor did he recall that the latter had been an interested attendant at the court proceedings.

One evening, in paying for a shell of opium, he gave the attendant a five-dollar-bill.

The latter scrutinized it so closely that Gerritty, good-natured from opium and alcohol, said, with a laugh:

"That isn't queer, and, if it is, I got it from one of your own breed."

The eyes of the attendant were not looking for evidences of the counterfeiter's art, but at two characters in ink in one corner of the bill, so small as to be almost microscopic. They were Chinese for Sing Wah.

He bowed to Gerritty, politely saying:

"No likee this bill; have got another?"

Gerritty took the bill back, and gave the attendant a second. On this was the same telltale character. Change was brought, and the deadly recreation went on.

At three in the morning the opium smoker, saturated with his favorite drug, fell into a deep sleep. His deep breathing told his condition more eloquently than words.



Sing Gong approached him and drew from his blouse a box, from which he took two brass pins that, in the half-darkness, seemed made of some precious stone. He inserted one in each wrist of the unconscious sleeper, who merely muttered and became quiet again.

In the morning, Gerritty noticed a strange red mark on each wrist, and in one was a brass pin. He looked at it with the remark, "I must have been very dopy last night," and gave the matter no more thought.

A week afterward, Chatham Square and Chinatown were all agog over the strange news that Gerritty had been taken to Bellevue, suffering from a strange kind of blood poisoning, which the doctors could not understand, nor cure; that he had become delirious, and, in his delirium, had confessed.

the murder and told where the proceeds had been hidden, and, finally, after suffering unspeakable agony, had died in horrible convulsions.

In the boarding-house on Doyer street, on the night of his death, Sing Gong knelt before a little altar which he had erected on the table in his room, and prayed and wept. In front of the altar on a porcelain dish lay the remnants of the body of the mouse, a lock of hair from Sing Wah's head, and a bronze bowl, in which nine burning joss sticks told the story of vengeance and gratitude to the gods.



## **THE TURNING OF THE WORM**





**Remained with his head bent until she had  
crossed the threshold.**



## The Turning of the Worm.

---

When Bella Tillman left Poughkeepsie for New York, it was done with a desire to see the big world. Incidentally, she was tired of working in a small dry-goods store, and more than tired of Mrs. Grundy, who, on many occasions, had made life extremely uncomfortable.

Fortune or fate threw the young lady into the acquaintanceship of a man known in sporting circles as "Diamond Harry." He was always well-dressed, neatly shaven, and of pleasing address. These attractive



features were a large part of his professional capital.

His trade consisted in the not uncommon occupation of transferring money from the pockets of individuals known as "guys" and "hay-seeds" to his own. It is needless to remark that his ethical code was one of an exceedingly elastic or plastic nature.

Bella and Harry met—to love at first sight. Within a week they were wed and entered upon a state of connubial blessedness in a flat not far from Stuyvesant Square.

Business was good with the gentleman, and together they enjoyed what in sporting circles is known as "life." They frequented the theatres, concert halls and roof gardens; they dined in Chinatown, at swell tables d'hote and the Hoffman House. They hit the pipe and devoted enough time to the study

of fine wines and liqueurs to make them competent experts for any first-class café.

All dreams come to an end, and one morning Bella received a note from Harry which was a model of brevity and information. It read as follows:

DEAR BELLA:—Must skip the roost. Look out for yourself, because I can do nothing for you for several months. Have got to look out for number one. Marriage was a fake.

HARRY.

She threw the note down, and was surprised that it produced no particular shock. She did not realize that her sensibilities had been deadened by the unceasing round of material pleasures through which she had passed. She had unconsciously reached a point at which her nature was affected by

physical causes and not by those of a higher type.

The rent was due, and there was scarcely more than a dollar in her pocketbook. She was enough of a philosopher to refrain from lamentation. If the truth must be confessed, she was not especially sorry to give up the Bohemian life. No matter how dazzling the gay side of a great city may be to a neophyte, it is bound at last to pall upon the appetite.

She was tired of high living, and determined to work again for her bread. Luck favored her. She obtained a position in a necktie factory not far from Chatham Square, where her experience in Poughkeepsie proved of great benefit.

The girls in the factory were paid by the piece and not by the day, and in forty-eight hours Bella found she could earn eight dollars

a week in her new calling. She left the cozy little flat and took a hall room in a huge tenement not far from the factory. She became acquainted with the other inmates of the house, and among them the occupant of two rooms on the other side of the hall.

This was a young Chinaman, Lee Yu, who was employed in the banking-house of Wang Hi Chong & Co. She had met several almond-eyed citizens in her visits to opium dens, and had lost the fear or timidity which always accompanies the unknown. She noticed that Lee Yu was better looking than most of his countrymen, and that he dressed with remarkable neatness.

About a month after she had been in her new home she heard a rap on her door one evening, and, on opening it, found no one, but on the doorknob was a basket,

containing a dozen tangerine oranges. A few nights afterward, there was another rap, and this time there was a box of candy upon the knob.

The candy was followed by a half-dozen silk handkerchiefs; these by a pair of gloves, and then again by some ribbons of handsome quality and finish. After the ribbons came a pair of French boots, and about this time she discovered what she suspected—that Lee Yu was the donor.

As the days passed she recognized that his affection was deep and sincere, and was rather puzzled over the matter. The girl was incapable of any profound passion, and could not, therefore, understand the feelings of her Oriental suitor. His unceasing devotion won her gratitude, and his generous thoughtfulness made her life

comfortable and even happy. By degrees he made himself so indispensable that when, one evening, he proposed marriage, she accepted him without hesitation. Perhaps she was influenced by the fact that she had grown very tired of the hard labor in the factory, and of the men and women with whom she was obliged to associate in the workrooms. Besides, since Harry had declared her first marriage a "fake," she felt free to do as she pleased.

The marriage passed off quietly, the officiating personage being the alderman of the ward. Lee made her many wedding presents, and his friends and relatives acted with customary Chinese generosity.

He took a larger flat and furnished it in half-Oriental and half-Occidental fashion.

It was a pretty place, fitted up

with admirable taste. Lee had a love for the beautiful, and, though not a wealthy man, had spent his money freely upon making their home comfortable and attractive. He was a devoted husband, manifesting his affection by a steady stream of gifts. Before a year had rolled by, Bella was better off than she had ever been in her life. She had a fine wardrobe, plenty of jewelry and at least a hundred dollars in cash. She ought to have been happy, but her nature was a mass of contradictions, and, in spite of her surroundings, she looked yearningly back to the old days when she and Diamond Harry burned the midnight oil in the Tenderloin district.

The very virtues of her mate grew distasteful. He was always temperate, courteous, thoughtful and domestic. He went with her

to the theatre, and took her, in fine weather, upon excursions to the seashore or pretty sylvan scenes inland.

She had been married a year, when one day she met Diamond Harry on Broadway.

Her heart went out to him, and, in the excitement of the meeting, she did not notice that his clothes were somewhat shabby, and that his debonnair appearance had deteriorated greatly.

He saw, to his delight, that he still held some power over the girl's affections, and, partly in this way and partly through protestations of undying love, he induced the foolish woman to leave her husband and elope with him. They settled in Bond street, and, for a time, Bella was moderately happy. Yet, somehow or other, the old attractions no longer gave her the in-



tense pleasure which they had done at first. She began to notice the hollowness of it all and to get glimpses of the care and suffering which lay beneath the paint and powder. Things did not prosper with Harry, and she generously let him have her money and the more valuable pieces of her jewelry.

Three months passed, and again Bella found herself alone. This time there was no letter, and, worse still, with the recreant man had vanished nearly all of her finery.

He had made a complete haul one morning while she was out shopping, and when she returned there was practically nothing of her property left. It was the most terrible shock that the girl had ever had. She could have endured poverty with equanimity and could have starved if it had been with him and for him.

Then, in contrast to Diamond Harry, infinitely selfish and callous, came up the figure of Lee Yu. Something gave way within her, and she fell unconscious upon the floor.

When she came to, she felt sick and weak; something was wrong; something was going to happen. She knew nothing of disease, and to her fevered imagination came the fear of death. It was growing dusk and the electric lights had just blazed out in the street below her window.

With the fear of death came the fear of loneliness and the mad desire to be with some one that she knew and loved. The only one person she thought of now was Lee Yu, her lawful husband.

She gathered her belongings and went to the nearest car line, where she took a car for Chatham Square.

When she alighted her knees tottered and she felt a strange weakness coming over her. She crept rather than walked from the corner to the familiar tenement, slowly climbed the stairs, and rapped at Lee Yu's door. She heard a sound, and recognized his footstep.

The blood surged to her head and her muscles trembled as he turned the knob and opened the door. Before he could speak, the girl fainted and fell into his arms.

When she awoke she was lying upon the ebony divan. On one side stood Lee Yu and on the other a doctor.

"You are very sick, madam," said the latter, "but, if you follow instructions and are careful, you will recover."

He wrote a prescription and went away.

The diagnosis was correct. The

sickness proved typhoid fever, and, for eight weeks Bella lay in the cloudy land which connects this life with the other. Then she began to convalesce, and, in a fortnight, was herself again.

During all this time, Lee Yu's devotion was so deep as to be almost tragic. Within his yellow skin there was a love maternal, intense and perpetual. He seemed to be always with her; he cleaned the rooms, and yet did it so skillfully that he never disturbed her. On the table by her bedside there were always fruits and fresh flowers, and whenever she was hungry a tray appeared from somewhere laden with the delicacies which she had enjoyed so much in previous days.

The whole thing seemed a mystery, a miracle. She had expected abuse, and would have accepted it

uncomplainingly. She had feared a repulse, and would not have been disappointed had it happened. But this infinite kindness passed her comprehension.

The day came at last when she was well and strong. At noon she had a delightful luncheon with Lee Yu, and, leaving the table, she dressed herself in a new and handsome suit which the Chinaman had bought for her during her delirium. She put the hat on before the mirror, then turned and said:

"Do I look all right, Lee?"

The Chinaman had risen and was fastening his blue silk jacket as he spoke.

She remembered afterward that during her long siege, though he had been very kind to her, he had never kissed her.

He looked at her with a careful scrutiny, but his eyes were upon her face, rather than her apparel.

"You look very well, Bella; very

healthy, very strong, very beautiful. I used to love you very much, Bella, but that was a long time ago, and we have forgotten it. You came to me sick, and because I loved you once, I took care of you; but, now that you are well, I can do nothing. You may be in need, and you may be in trouble, so now that you are going away and you will never come back, you will take this money, so as to be happy until something happens."

He put in her hand a roll of bills, escorted her to the door and opened it. Then, clasping his own hands, he bowed with that unfathomable dignity which marks the Oriental, and remained with his head bent and his eyes fixed upon the floor until she had crossed the threshold and passed out of sight.



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